

VERDICTS
OF THE
LEARNED
CONCERNING
VIRGIL and *HOMER*'s
Heroic Poems.

Nihil potest placere quod non decet. Quintil.



LONDON: Printed for J. Hartley, next Middle-Row in
Holbourn. 1697.

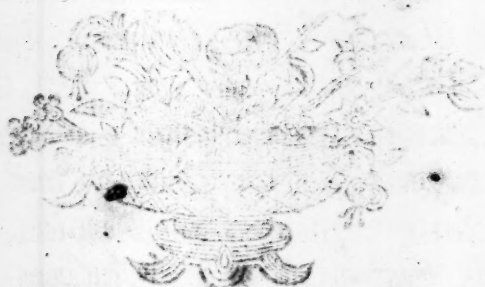
VERDIGES

THE

OF THE

HEROIC FORMS

OF THE



OF THE

TO THE
READER.

AS I profess to say nothing of my own Stock, so I have no cause to fear, that I am accountable for the Truth of these Censures. I think my self accountable only for the Faithfulness of the Quotations, which I joyn to each Saying. My Authors then may speak for themselves, without my being engag'd to take the part of any, or to maintain their Sentiments. So that 'tis free for each Reader in particular, either to become the free Censurer of these Criticks with as much Authority, as they have taken to Censure Homer and Virgil, or to joyn with them in their Verdicts.

As these Judgments of my Authors are not Uniform, no not in one and the same Author, (as 'tis evident in Rapin himself) 'tis plain,

To the READER.

*that in such a Variety of Opinions some must
needs stray both from Truth and Justice. But
this Discernment being above my Reach, I leave
the Delight to the Reader himself to judge there-
of: not but that now and then I give a hint
of what I think more or less of their Autho-
rity.*

Verdicts

Verdicts of the Learned
CONCERNING
VIRGIL and HOMER.

SECTION I.

*The Excellency and Nature of an Heroic Poem, and how
to judge well thereof.*

IF we consider well the main *End* of an *Heroic Poem*, which is to direct Persons of Quality, 'tis the noblest and most important Work of the Mind. If we consider the Labour and Art about it, 'tis the most sublime, the most ingenious, and the hardest; nay, beyond it there's nothing richer, or more magnificent to be found. A Man cannot have too much *Wis* to undertake it, nor too long a *Life* to compleat it. All sorts of Learning must be brought thither in refined Abstracts, and the Art to make such Quintessences is a sort of *Chymistry* known to few. Sublime Notions, and magnificent Representations, which are not to be found in every Stall, are the Paterns to be employ'd there. The Wit which an *Heroic Poem* requires, ought to be of the *first Rate* of Wits, who are among us, what the *Seraphim* are among the *Angels*.

'Twere then to require too much, to have the *Undertakers* of such a long and laborious Fabrick, to be *infallible*. Hitherto none have set their hands to it, who stood not in need of Pardon, for many things. *Homer* indeed had the Honour to work therein without a Director and Patern: But 'tis not granted, that

that he did without Fault what he did without Model; since he slumbers sometimes according to *Horace*. *Bonus aliquando dormitat Homerus*. Tho' *Virgil* has copied out the best Passages, and that the Copy is more exact than the Original; nevertheless we must acknowledge, that had he been yet more exact, he had stood in need of no Apologies; nor had the *Grammarians* put him so often to the rack, to be reveng'd of the trouble he gives them. So that, notwithstanding all the transcendent *Elogiums* of *Homer* and *Virgil* in the Schools; yet is the perfect Heroic Poet still to be born, as well as the compleat Prince, or the perfect Captain.

To clear this Paradox, we must not consider *Homer* and *Virgil's* Poems by their *Superficies*, Outside, or by Pieces, like meer *Grammarians*, as *Macrobius*, *Jul. Scaliger*, and *Jul. Urfinus* have done; But to survey well these great Works, we must fathom what they have that's most Essential; We must, says *Rapin*, survey all the Proportions thereof, consider whether all the Beauties are well placed, whether the *Probable* and *Wonderful* are judiciously observ'd; whether the Poetic Licences are not either too strong, or stretcht too far; whether all the *Decorums* of good Manners and Morals are exactly kept; whether the Expressions are delicate and passionate; whether all is in its place, and keeps up its due Character; whether good Sense runs thro' the whole, and whether all things are as they ought to be. For nothing can please unless so, according to the great Principle of *Quintilian*: *Nihil potest placere quod non decet*. This is what the Skilful consider, and not external Ornaments which detain the Ignorant.

If the Works of *Homer* and *Virgil* were lost, I should be very curious to know what others had said of them, who had seen them. But since their Works are in our hands, to what purpose trouble we our selves much, about what *Plato*, *Aristotle*, *Paterculus*, *Plutarch*, *Ælian*, *Bossu*, and *Thomassin* have said of them, they being no Poets? Let us then consider them by the true Rules of Heroic Poesie, and judge of their essential Parts our selves.

According to the Doctrine of *Aristotle*, *Mambrunus*, *Rapin*, and *Rucius*, an Heroic Poem is an Imitation of an illustrious and compleat

*Compar. Hom.
Virgil. ch. 16.*

compleat Action, written in long Verse, to stir up Gentlemen to gallant Actions with Wonder and Delight. This sort of Poem comprehends five main and essential Things. 1. The Action. 2. The Fable. 3. The Characters. 4. The Sentiments. 5. The Expression.

The *Action* is the Matter and Subject of the Poem. The *Fable* is the Form and Contrivance of that Action. The *Characters* are the main End and Drift of the Poem. The *Sentiments* and the *Expression* are necessary Ornaments. The Poet takes the Action from the Hero, the Fable from the Rules of Art, the Characters from Moral Philosophy, the Sentiments from Logick and good Sense, the Expression from Grammar and Rhetorick.

SECT. II.

The Matter or Action of Homer and Virgil's Poems.

RULE 1.

THE Matter of an Heroic Poem is the Subject which the Poet undertakes, and proposes to himself to work upon. Now according to *Aristotle*, *Rapin*, and *Bossu*, this Action ought to have these four Conditions. To be *One*, compleat, illustrious, and not exceeding the length of a Year. 1. *One*, that is, chiefly performed, and in one continued space of time without a perfect Intermission; and moreover, such as cannot be divided into other whole and compleat Actions. 2. *Illustrious*, and consequently of eminent Men, and in some famous and important Matter too, *res gesta, regumque, ducumque*. 3. *Compleat*, to which nothing is wanting of all things that may bring it to the end. 4. Of *certain Length*, not exceeding the space of a Year, from the time where the Poet begins.

Homer's Action compar'd with the Rule.

Whether the main Action of the *Iliads* consists in the War of *Troy*, as some pretend with *Horace*, or whether in the Anger of *Achilles*.

Achilles, as others with *Bossu* will have it, because the Death of *Hector* ends not the War, since the Siege of *Troy* lasted a Year after; it is plainly defective, in that 'tis liable to be thus controverted. According to *Bossu* 'tis no Action at all, but a *Pas- sion*, and a very unjust one too, far from being *Illustrious*; or if it is an Action, *Homer* himself owns, that it was prejudicial both to his own Country and Party. The Action ought to have a Beginning, a Middle, and an End, says *Aristotle*. But, tho' this Anger of *Achilles* has a Beginning, yet has it neither End nor Middle, says *Rapin*; for 'tis discarded, (adds the same Author) by another Anger of *Achilles* against *Hector*, for the Death of *Patroclus*: So that there are two Angers, the one for the loss of his Friend, the other for the loss of his Mistress, and what is worst of all, the rest of the Poem has no connexion with this Anger. *Homer* not minding it in the space of 18 Books, as if he had forgot his own Design.

The Action of the *Odyssey* (continues *Rapin*, *Comp. Hom. & Virg. Chap. 6.*) is not more perfect, than that of the *Ilias*. It begins by the Voyages of *Telemachus*, and ends by those of *Ulysses*. This makes *Paul Beno* to say, that the Fable of the *Odyssey* is double. In reality, concludes *Rapin*, one knows not what to make of the first four Books. *A le bien prendre, on ne scait ce que c'est*. So that neither of the Actions are One, Compleat, or *Illustrious*.

Virgil's Action compar'd with the Rule.

Tho' 'tis granted by all, that the Action of the *Aeneis* was equal to the greatness and magnificence of the Roman Empire, yet is it vicious, and mangled in the condition we have it, says *Mambrunus*, who has writ both an Heroic Poem on *Constantine* in 12 Books, and a large Treatise of Heroic Poësie. And indeed, as to the Unity of *Virgil's* Action, good Father *Bossu* confesses ingeniously, that 'tis easier to tell wherein the Unity of the Epick Action consists not, than to say in what it consists. *Du Poem Epic. Book 2. Chap. 7.* For some place the Action in the Voyage of *Aeneas*, in imitation of the *Odyssey*, others in the War of *Italy*, in imitation of the *Iliads*.

As

As to the Compleatness of the Action, both the *Scaligers*, and after them *Perrault*, *Paral. des Anciens & Modern.* 2. Vol. hold, that *Virgil's* Action is not compleat nor finish'd; and all the Ancients held, adds *Joseph Scaliger*, that *Virgil* intended 24 Books in imitation of *Homer*. But being prevented by death, he therefore ordered his *Aeneis* to be burnt, (*ibit ad ignes*) knowing it to be but a Piece of a great Work, unfinished, as the unfinished Verses also demonstrate. This made *Mapheus Vegio* add a thirteenth Book to the *Aeneis*.

I cannot endure, says *Perrault* (in the fore-mentioned place) that *Virgil's Aeneis* should end at the Death of *Turnus*. 'Tis true, that by his death and that of *Amata*, great Obstacles are remov'd, yet is not *Aeneas* settled King of the *Latines*. The Reader cannot be fully satisfied, to behold the Affairs of *Aeneas* at a stand in so fair a progress. He wants to see him marry *Lavinia*, and by that means take possession of the Kingdom of the *Latines*, without which one may justly question whether it ever came to pass. This Marriage would only have compleated what is but yet begun; it had settled the Foundation of the *Roman Empire*, which is the main Action of the Poem. Thus then, tho' *Virgil's Aeneis* has a Beginning, and a Middle, yet wants it still an End, to compleat the Action.

SECT. III.

The Form and Contrivance of Virgil and Homer's Fable.

RULE II.

THE Fable, according to *Aristotle*, is the chief thing in an Heroic Poem, is the Soul, ~~ψυχη~~ and Foundation thereof, is the Principle which gives, as it were, Life, and moves all the Springs of that Engine. This Fable and Contrivance consists chiefly in three Points. 1. In the *Orderly* Narration of the chief Action, and of all the Materials that make it up: And this *Order* is twofold, *Natural*, or *Artificial*, beginning by the Middle. 2. In the exact proportion of the *Probable* and

B

Wonderful,

Wonderful, whereof the first makes it worthy of Belief, and the next of Admiration. 3. In the marshalling and coherence of the *Episodes* or by-Histories, with the chief Action.

Homer's Fable compar'd with the Rule.

1. Tho' *Hatæarnassens*, *Opusc. Critic.* commends *Homer* chiefly for his Fable, yet (says *Rapin*, *Comparif. Ch. 6.*) *Homer* manages so little the *Probable*, and stretches so far the *Wonderful*, out of too great a desire to raise always Admiration, that he leaves nothing to be done, neither by Reason, nor Passion, no nor by Nature, but all is done by *Machines*. The Gods are imploy'd upon all occasions, without the least regard either to their Rank, or to the peace and tranquillity of their Condition, *per ambages Deorumque ministeria*. *Stat.*

If *Priamus* has lost *Hector*, *Jove* must needs send the Goddess *Iris* his Messenger, to admonish him to take care of the Corps of his Son, and to redeem it from *Achilles*. This Father so tender of his Son, could not he think of it himself? But must have a Machine to put him in mind that he is a Father. *Mercury* becomes *Priamus* his Coachman, to bring him to *Achilles* to desire the Body of his Son. And to prevent the danger of Stragglers coming to the Camp of the *Greeks*, *Mercury* casts them all asleep, and prepares the heart of *Achilles* by some feelings of compassion; nay *Thetis*, *Achilles*'s Mother, works upon him also, by the order of *Jove*. Thus *Homer* disposes of the Gods, as of so many Personages of the Stage.

2. As to the mixture of *Episodes* with the chief Action, they are forced and unnatural. *Homer* begins his *Odyssea*, which is his best Poem, says *Rapin* again, by an *Episod.* of four Books. He strays from his Matter, almost before he is enter'd into it; and to make a regular Building, he begins by a piece out of the Work. *On ne scait ce que c'est*, says *Rapin*.

3. What Relation has the Wound which *Diomedes* gave to *Mars*, to the anger of *Achilles*? *Homer* enlarges much on this Adventure in the fifth Book of his *Iliads*. *Mars* who weeps like a Child, comes and makes his complaint to *Jove*, who finally pities him. Yet the Doctor of the Gods is call'd to cure him,

him, and the Poet who likes this Passage, stretches it too far. He trifles thereupon, and one would pity him, but that we are prepossess'd with the greatness of his Genius.

4. *Homer's* Comparisons are cold and forced, but never Excellent, says *Perrault*. Was there ever any thing so ridiculous, as to compare *Ajax* in the midst of a bloody Battle, to an *Ass* grazing in *Corn*? And his *Descriptions* are both too frequent, and too long.

Virgil's Fable compar'd with the Rule.

Tho' *Monfieur Segrais* in his Preface to the *Aeneis*, maintains, that the prime beauty of that Poem, consists in the wonderful Narration, nevertheless *Perrault* boldly speaks thus: [*Parallet of Ancient and Modern.*] I believe that all Men of Sense, and that are Impartial, will think with me; That the Adventure of the Wooden Horse in the second Book, *instar montis æquum*, is the most childish part of all the *Aeneis*. What! a City which had withstood all the Arts of *Greece* for the space of ten Years, lets herself be taken in one Night by a *Stalking-Horse*! *Virgil* understood ill it seems the temper of *Ulysses*, to think he would shut himself up in that Engine; he was too crafty to do it: And this old Rook, whose Wiles are so cry'd up by Antiquity, had better devices how to take Cities. Yet, if we believe *Virgil*, Queen *Dido* was charm'd with the Story of the Wooden Horse, and so might any Cook-Maid with the Boys and Pedants in the Schools: But never can prove either *Probable* or *Wonderful* to any Man of Sense.

2. *Peletier*, in his *Poetic Art*, says; that there are in *Virgil's Aeneis* great number of faults against *Probability*, and most of them needless too, where he has placed them. What more improbable, than the *Golden Bough* in the sixth of the *Aeneis*,

*Latet arbore opaca
Aureus, & foliis lento vimine Ramus.*

What again more incredible, than the Twigs that sprang out of *Polydorus*, in the third Book?

*Fortis fuit juxta Tumulat, quo cornua summa
Virgilia, &c.*

Are *Don Quixot's* Windmills (turn'd into Gyants in his Brain) more ridiculous and childish, than the metamorphosing of *Æneas's* Ship and whole Fleet into Sea-Nymphs? in the 9th. Book.

— *Hinc Virginea* —
*Redduntur totidem facies pontoque feruntur,
Quæ prius arata steterant ad littora prora.*

3. But says again *Perrault* in his *Parallel*, how comes *Neptune* to threaten so severely the poor harmless Wind *Zephyrus*, for the Storm in the first Book?

*Eurum ad se Zephyrumque vocat, &c.
Quos Ego, &c.*

What share had he in that Tempest? He that has not the force to beat down a Tulip, how could he swell up the Sea? He is the Ladies favourite, and scarce can ruffle a rowing Commode.

4. As to *Virgil's* *Episodes*, *Father Rapin* in his *Refections on Poësie*, finds faults with the excessive length of the *Episod* about the taking of *Troy*, which contains two whole Books, the second and third of the Poem, scarce pardonable, says he, because they hold out a whole Night. I question not but good Queen *Dido* yawn'd often all the time, at the Story of *Æneas's* Adventures; and that's an Observation, adds *Perrault*, which *Virgil's* Commentators have pass'd by in silence.

But all Authors have observed two considerable Faults of *Achronism* and *Slander* in that *Episod* of *Dido* in the fourth Book. By the first of false *Chronology*, he makes that Princess Elder by 300 Years than in reality she was. By the other of *Scandal*, he has disgrac'd the most Discreet and Vertuous Princess of her Age, as all Historians, Poets, and Fathers agree, witness this Epigram of *Ausonius* in *Scaliger*.

Invida

*Invida cur in me stimulaſti Muſa Maronem,
Fingeret ut in me damna pudicitia, &c.*

And thus has utterly ruined her Reputation in the Mind of all Posterity. This is both a baſe and unpardonable Fault in *Virgil*, to raiſe the Glory of the *Romans*; by ruining the good Name of a Woman, the Ornament of her Sex; becauſe forſooth ſhe was the Foundreſs of an hoſtile City.

S E C T. IV.

Homer and Virgil's Characters of their Hero's, which is the End of Epick Poefie.

R U L E III.

THE end of Heroic Poefie being to give Inſtructions by Examples to Perſons of Quality, the Characters of Virtues and Vices muſt be carefully drawn; the Characters of *Virtues*, Wiſdom, Courage, Piety, Temperance, Patience, &c. to embrace them: and the Characters of *Vices*; Atheiſm, Anger, Drunkenneſs, Gaming, Luſt, &c. to avoid them. As then Heroic Virtue (according to *Ariſtotle* in his *Ethicks*) is made up of all Virtues, ſo the Character of an Hero muſt be made up Three Virtues at leaſt ſays *Boffu*. The Firſt makes up his Characteriſtical and Conſtant Virtue; as *Piety* in *Æneas*, and *Prudence* in *Ulyſſes*, to diſtinguiſh them plainly and at firſt ſight from the other Hero's. The Secondary Virtues are only ornamental, as *Friendſhip* in *Achilles*. The Third is *Valour*, which is neceſſary and common to all Heroes.

Homers Characters compared with the Rule.

Tho' *Horace* thinks *Homer* fitter to teach Morals to Mankind than the Philoſophers of old;

Quic-

*Quicquid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid vile, quid non,
Plenius & melius Chryippo & Cranore dicis.*

And tho' Ger. Jo. Vossius de nat. Poetæ. Cap. 9. is of the same Mind; yet Rapin, who seems to have examined better Homer's good and bad Qualities, both in his *Reflexions on Poësie*, and his *Comparison of Homer and Virgil*, pretends that Homer has not kept the Characters of his Heros, nor their Manners in a due Decorum. And indeed, Homer, adds he, represents to us hard and cruel Fathers, weak and passionate Heros, he might have added clownish and butcherly ones; wretched, restless, quarrelsome Gods who cannot endure each other.

Aristotle in his *Poëtick Art*, wills that the Images and Characters which the Poet makes, represent Persons not such as they really are, but such as they ought to be, yet the Character of Achilles the chief Hero seems ill drawn. For as Horace observes, tho' Achilles is valiant, yet is he choleric, fierce, violent, unjust, he flights the Laws, and puts all his Reason in the Sword he bears by his side.

*Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,
Jura negat sibi nata, nihil non arrogat armis.*

Moreover he is cruel to the Corps of Hector, even to delight in Revenge over it, and by an Avarice without Example, sells to an afflicted Father the Body of his Son. Finally, this Hero of Homer, of so great a Name, and so cry'd up in all Ages, is an Abstract of Imperfection and Defaults, *ce Heros est un abrege d'imperfections & de defaults*, says Rapin, *Parallél of Hom. & Virg.* c. 4. Tully himself speaks against Achilles's inhuman dealing with the Corps of Hector, *Trahit Hectorem ad currum religatum Achilles, lacerari eum & sentire, credo, putat, & ulciscitur, ut sibi videtur.* Orat. Tusc. Lib. 1. What again can be more unworthy of a Hero, than Achilles Zeal against the Flies about the Wounds of Patroclus his Friend? Lib. 19. *Iliad*.

I speak not of the other Heros of the *Iliad*, where Kings and Princes do one another all sort of base Injuries like Porters,
where

where *Achilles* calls King *Agamemnon* drunken Sor. and impudent Dog's-face. 'Tis not possible that chief Officers were so brutish as to do so: or if that hapned, they are Manners too indecent to be put into an Heroic Poem, where things ought to be placed, for the Instruction of young Gentlemen. Yet, to hear with what respect good Father *Bossu* speaks of the *Iliads*, one wou'd think he made a Commentary on holy Scripture.

I pass to the *Odyssea*, says *Perrault* in his *Parallel*, where *Ulysses* is such a Medley of Prudence and Knavery, of Heroic and Meanness, that 'tis almost impossible to define it well. This Prince whom *Homer* sets forth as a Patern of Wisdom, lets himself be made drunk by the *Pheacians*, for which the Poet is blamed both by *Aristotle* and *Philostratus*. But what Extravagance in this perfectly wise Man, to forget so soon his Wife, so virtuous a Princess, and his Son who was so dear to him, to stay so long with *Calypso* a Jilt, and run after *Circe* the famous Sorceress. Had then *Homer* drawn well *Ulysses* Character, we need not be at a stand to know whether he was an honest Man, or a Knave.

2. As to the Characters of *Homer's* Gods, this Poet attributes to them criminal Actions, whereof none are capable but the most wicked amongst Men, says *Plato* in *Lib. 2. & 3. de Legibus*. *Tully* also blames *Homer* for giving to Gods the Imperfections of Men, wishing rather that he had given to Men some of the excellent Qualifications of the Gods, *Humana ad Deos transferebat, Divina mallem ad nos*.

Virgil's Characters compar'd with the Rule.

The main and constant Character of *Aeneas* being Piety, says *Bossu*: What had that Piety of Father *Aeneas* to do in the Cave with *Dido* Queen of *Carthage*? says *Perrault*, [*Parallel* of *Ancient* and *Modern*.] A very homely Room to court a Lady in. Nay his pretended Piety at every turn, may be stiled *Superstition*, and make him rather pass for the Founder of a Religious Order, than of the *Roman* Empire. 2. *Aeneas* his Secondary sort of Ornamental Qualifications are *Tears* and *Pity*: but who is able to endure his briny Tears at every Moment, nay Twice or Thrice in the same Page, and again Four Times in a Dozen Lines, especially

cially in the First, Sixth, and Eleventh Books: He weeps at the sight of Pictures, which represent the Adventures of the Siege of Troy.

1. Book. $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Constitit \& lacrymans} \text{ ---} \\ \text{Sunt lacryma rerum} \text{ ---} \\ \text{Agnoscat lacrymans} \text{ ---} \end{array} \right.$

And not only his Eyes water and shed some drops of Tears, as the Love of his Country may draw from a Native; but he is all in a Bath of Tears, attended with heavy Sighs and Groans:

Multa gemens, largoque humectat flumine vultum.

This continual blubbring on the same Account, is not proper to the Sorrow of that Nature. He weeps at the parting from *Aeetes*: *lacrymans commendat Aeetes*; and at the drowning of *Palinurus* his Pilot; nay *Virgil* begins his Sixth Book with his Hero s weeping; *Sic fatur lacrymans*, when he sees *Dido* in Hell, as also for his Wife *Creusa*, and likewise for Prince *Pallas*.

2. Book. $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Lacrymis ita fatur abortis.} \\ \text{Hec ubi deflevit.} \\ \text{Spargitur \& tellus lacrymis, sparguntur \& arma.} \end{array} \right.$

And upon sundry other Occasions, where such excessive tenderness becomes not either a Hero, or his Army. There never was as I think, such a weeping, blubbring, sighing, groaning, nay bawling Hero in all History. *Implevi clamore vias*, says he of himself.

But what is yet more intolerable in a Hero, are *Aeneas* frequent Frights and Fears, Tremblings and cold Sweats, upon all suddain and unexpected Accidents. At the very first beginning we find him seiz'd with a great fright in a Storm at Sea, wherein he shakes for fear.

Extemplo Aeneas solvuntur frigore membra.
Ingemuit. —

In the second and third Book, he is frighted with Spirits, at the Vision of which he says of himself:

*Obstupui steteruntque Coma, & vox faucibus hæsit.
Tum vero ancipiti mentem formidine pressus
Obstupui, steteruntque Coma, & vox faucibus hæsit.*

———— *Mibi frigidus horror
Membra quatit gelidusque còt formidine sanguis.
.Tum gelidus toto manabat corpore sudor.*

Another but *Virgil* would have given Courage to his Hero, would have made him bold, and undaunted at the Fury of the Winds: and whilst vulgar Souls are dejected, he should have shew'd Courage above all Dangers; Nevertheless the Poet exposes to the sight of the *Trojans* an Hero half dead for fear. These Tears and Frights might be excusable in his Son *Ascanius*, because a Child, but *Æneas* must not be so Childish. No, this aptness to Start and Tremble upon all occasions, seems not Heroic, nor to become the Founder of the *Roman* Empire, and the Father of all the *Cæsars*.

And as for the Courage of *Æneas*, it may be also justly question'd from his way of closing the main Action of the Poem: I mean, his fighting with, and killing *Turnus*. Nor is the Valour of *Turnus* more evident: For, when *Turnus* saw all the Eyes of the *Latines* bent upon him, to decide the War by a *Duel* with *Æneas*, he bravely answers their expectation at first, saying:

———— *Hac Dardanium dextrâ sub Tartara mittam.
———— Nostro dirimatur sanguine bellum.*

But when, the next day, they came to agree upon the Conditions of the Fight, how alter'd is *Turnus* already! He is dejected both in Mind and Body, his Eyes are sunk into his Head, and his Countenance is pale.

*Incessu tacito progressus — demisso lumine Turnus,
Tabentesque gena, & juvenili in corpore pallor,*

So that he caus'd the *Latines* to pity him.

——— *Turni sortem miserantur iniquam.*

Tho' 'tis not *Virgil's* business to commend much *Turnus*, yet ought he to look to the Credit of his Hero, who can reap no Honour, by fighting with such a Cowardly Adversary. But let us see further.

In the Fight the Sword of *Turnus* breaks.

——— *perfidus enses*
Frangitur. ———

Then *Turnus* runs away, and *Aeneas* follows him. *Turnus* calls for a better Sword, but *Aeneas* threatens Death to any that shall bring one.

Aeneas mortem minatur.

Neither of them Act like Heros, but both Cowardly; and *Aeneas* the more basely of the two, because Arm'd Cap-a-pee; nevertheless *Turnus* gets an Heavenly Sword at last. Now who will not expect some gallant Action done with it by this King of the *Rutilians*? and what can that Achievement possibly be? Why truly, as if void of all Sense and Understanding, says *Ruens*: *Bona, rectaque mentis expertem*, he fairly puts up this miraculous Sword, and takes up a huge, huge Land-mark Stone, which twelve other strong Men were not able to lift up:

——— *Saxum circumspicit ingens,*
Saxum antiquum ingens, ———
Limes agro positus, ———
Vix illud lecti bis sex cervice subirent.

Turnus dares not Fight *Aeneas* hand to hand, but Assaults him at a distance.

But *Aeneas* easily declining the unwieldy Stone, run *Turnus* into the Thigh, who falling down disarm'd, begg'd Quarter; yet *Aeneas* kills him, tho' he conjures *Aeneas* to grant him Life, by the very Ghost of his Father *Anchises*. — *Miseri*

— — — — — *Miseri te si qua parentis
Tangere cura potest, oro, Dauni miserere senectæ.*

Tho' he owns him to be Victorious, and resigns up to him *Lavinia* for Wife, *Vicisti, tua est Lavinia coniux*, but all Intreaties are vain to a Cowardly Adversary. I know that the Death of *Turnus* is necessary to compleat the Action, in case *Virgil* intended to close at the Death of *Turnus*, which many deny. But then he should have brought it so about, as not to destroy the Character which he had given to *Aeneas*.

Here, *Virgil* shews great want of Judgment both in the Characters of his two chief Heroes, as well as in the close of the main Action. A judicious Heroic Poet would rather have made *Aeneas* lightly arm'd, and yet have triumph'd over his Adversary, arm'd *Cap-a-pee*. What a pretty thing it is to see *Aeneas* pursue *Turnus*, who runs away as a Child, at the apprehension of a Spirit; nay, threatens to kill any that shall help *Turnus* to a Sword; thus waving to fight with an armed Man, when he himself is clad with an Armour wrought by *Vulcan*; thus, he declares for a Victory obtain'd not by Valour, but by Chance and Advantage. I thought one could not oppose to Hero's, Enemies too dreadful: and I have ever heard, that nought but an obstinate Fight could gain a glorious Victory. On the other side, why does *Virgil* make *Turnus* throw such a huge vast Stone? was he to fell Gyants? Had he the terror of the World to fight against? For, *Turnus* it seems is but a *Pygmy* before *Hercules*.

II. As to the Characters of *Virgil's* Gods call'd Heavenly Machines: what a preposterous Personage *Virgil* makes *Juno* act all along the Poem; but especially in the first Book. She has heard, *audierat*, pretends *Virgil*, (as if she knew not but by hear-say:) That *Aeneas* was to settle in *Italy*, and there found an Empire, which should destroy her dearly beloved *Carthage*, *Tyrias olim quæ everteret Arces*; To prevent this, She with Godlike Charity, resolves to destroy the *Trojans*, saying to *Eolus*:

— — — — — *submersas obrue puppes,
— — — — — Et disjice corpora ponto.*

Is it possible the Gods can be so Angry? And indeed, do not you think that *Juno* grows a little too hot?

I ever thought nothing impossible to the Gods: but it pleas'd not the Poet to give her either Power or Credit, but only much Passion and Malice to destroy distressed Persons, if she can. What a preposterous Sight to behold the Wife of *Jove* in a petitioning Condition to *Eolus*, and so apprehensive of a Denial, that she proffers him one of her fairest Nymphs *Deiopeia* for a Reward. What would not a God do for such a dainty piece of Beauty! Whereupon the *Trojan Fleet* had unavoidably perish'd, had not the God *Neptune* peep'd out of the Pool, and left *Juno* vext with Shame; so little Correspondence is there between *Virgil's* Gods.

Again, continues *Perrault*, is it a thing proper for *Venus*, to intreat her Husband *Vulcan* to make an Armour for *Aeneas* her Bastard by *Anchises*? to my thinking 'tis a very impudent Petition. Her Infidelity to her Husband seems something less offensive, than the Impudence of this Suit.

The close of the main Action of the *Aeneis*, ends also by a Machine, which utterly eclipses all the Glory thereof, and therefore forbid by *Aristotle*. For, whilst *Turnus* and *Aeneas* are fighting, *Jove* sends down such an horrid Fury, that she was able to fright not only a Man, but even whole Cities, *totas ter-ritat urbes*. Now this, curs'd Fury flew to and fro before the eyes of *Turnus*, and flapt so hard his Shield with her Wings, that a sudden fear seiz'd on the young Prince.

Arrectæque horrore coma, & vox faucibus hæsit.

Which made *Turnus* reply thus to *Aeneas*, who basely insulted over him.

——— *Non me tua fervida terrent
Dicta, ferox: Dii me terrent, & Jupiter hostis.*

So that King *Turnus* is rather frighted out of his Wits, and overcome by *Jove* himself, than Conquer'd by *Aeneas*.

Could not *Aeneas* the main Hero of the Poem, fight with *Turnus* alone? Man to Man, King to King, Hero to Hero! Ne *Hercules quidem contra duos*; much less than young *Turnus*, against the

the thundring God, an horrid gasty *Fury*, and a conquering Hero. Thus is the pretended main Action spoiled in sundry respects.

S E C T. V.

Homer and Virgil's Sentiments in their Poems.

R U L E I V.

HEROIC Sentiments consist in giving to each Person such Speeches, Actions, Manners and Affections, as are proper to their Age, Condition and other Circumstances. They must be 1. *True* and *Exact*; for, Truth is the very Soul of the Thought or Sentiment. 2. *Noble*, Sublime and Strong, to raise Admiration. 3. *Pleasing*, which springs from agreeable Objects. 4. *Plain* from all Obscurity.

Homer's Sentiments compar'd to the Rule.

Tho', both *Longinus* in his *Treatise of Sublime*, and *Rapin* in his *Compar. of Hom. and Virg. c. 12.* agree, That *Homer* is always noble in his Sentiment, as well as in his Expression; yet, as if the latter had forgot himself, he said before *Chap 8.* That *Homer's* Sentiments are never so beautiful as his Discourses; because he minded not so much to think well, as to speak well. One cannot deny but that his Personages speak well; yet, for the most part their Sentiments are unworthy of their Characters. Thus,

In the Ninth Book of the *Iliads*, *Agamemnon* complaining to *Nestor* about the Absence of *Achilles*, *Nestor* tells him, that he will give him incomparable good Counsel; and that never any Man since the world stood, gave so wise and excellent. But a Man so wise ought to be more modest: Yet the Counsel he gives, adds *Rapin*, is no great Matter; since it amounts only to pacify *Achilles*, to make him Satisfaction, and so get him to return to the Camp; which any ordinary Capacity might have said.

Again

Again, continues the same Critick, *Antilochus*, *Nestor's Son*, in the 23. Book of the *Iliads*, speaks seriously to his Horses, has a formal Discourse with them, and conjures them to do their utmost to overcome *Menelaus* and *Diomedes* in the Course and Races run, for the Death of *Patroclus*.

Because, says this trifling Orator, his Father will either sell them, or cut their Throats, if they do otherwise.

Perrault, *Parallele Compar. of Hom. and Virg. Tom. 2.* relates abundance of ridiculous and comical Sentiments, wherewith old *Homer* has stuf his Two Poems. Thus our celebrated Poet says in the first of his *Iliads*, that when it thunders, *Jove beats his Drum*; as when it rains and the Sun shines at once, Children say, *the Devil beats his*. This seems little worthy either of the God or the Poet,

In the 4th Book, a Shepherd comparing the Beauty of his Mistress, says, She is like to the flowers of a Meadow, which feed Cows very Fat, which give Milk very White, whereof they make excellent Cheeses.

Homer compares *Ulysses* turning in his bed, and not being able to sleep, to a Gut-pudding or Sawfage broyling on a Gridiron. Is this worthy of the florid, copious, majestick, nay divine *Homer*.

In the 4th Book, our great Poet telling how *Menelaus* was wounded in his white Thigh, says, *The black Blood came out of his Wound, as when a Meonian or Carian Woman dyes Ivory into Purple; to make Bosses or Studs to Bridles of Horses. This Ivory is in her Chamber, and several Knights would gladly have it; but they keep for the King this Ornament, which is honorable both to the Horse and the Rider.* The beginning of this Comparison is true and excellent; for, nothing resembles better to Blood on a fair Skin, than Purple on Ivory: But all the rest is meer Stuff and Nonsense. Methinks this Comparison is made up of Three or Four Colours; and when ended, I know not where I am, nor how I find my self with these Bosses, Kings and Knights in a *Meonian Woman's Closet*, by the occasion of a Wounded Man's Thigh.

Odyssea Lib. 3. Prince *Telemachus*, having put on his fine Shoes, he calls his Council, wherein he represents to them, that the Suiters

Suiters of his Mother eat up his fat Oxen, Sheep and Goats; that he valu'd it not, if such as they of his Council eat them; because he knew they would pay him well, which is not to be expected from such Gallants: and all this he says weeping. What Meanness, what Poverty! both in the Poet and the Prince he speaks of.

But the whole Sixth Book of the *Odyssey* is a dainty Dish of Mirth, from one end to the other; where the Princess *Nausica* Daughter to King *Alcinous*, goes to the River to wash and buck the Cloaths, both of her Father and Three Brothers, alledging that the King should have clean Linnen at least when he went to Council. *Ulysses* awakened at the noise of these Landresses, came naked to *Nausica*, holding only a leafy Bough before him to hide his nakedness. And thus they both went on talking together to the King's Palace, where they found the Queen sitting on the ground in the Chimney-corner, and spinning by the light of the fire. There was also King *Alcinous* sitting in his Chair like a God, that sets himself to drink, says *Homer*. Then the King asked *Ulysses* what his Name was, for Every one has a Name, adds gravely that Prince; and during that Supper, he made a long Discourse to *Ulysses*, wherein I will suppose there is Sense, yet I see none. But *Ulysses* desired the King to let him eat his Victuals quietly, for he was indeed hungry, not being a God, said he. Yet was *Ulysses* better bred than to eat up all, but nobly carved a Rather of Bacon, and gave it to the Piper behind him. When we are past Twelve years of Age, can one delight in such Tales of ridiculous Heros, like, or more clownish than our common Farmers? 'Twere an endless business to reckon up all.

Virgil's Sentiments compared with the Rule.

Tho' *Virgil* is not liable to so many Weaknesses in this Point as *Homer*, yet he forgets himself sometimes, and falls now and then from his usual Heroic Gravity. What think you of this Observation which *Ascanius* makes in eating his Luncheon of Bread, on which was his Meat: Ah! we have eat up our Tables. Book 7. v. 116.

Heust

Hæus! etiam mensus consumimus, inquit Iulus.

By which Oracle *Æneas* knew they were at the end of their Troubles. Is this Discovery grave enough for a Poem as lofty as is the *Æneis*? Neither can the Father forbear from shewing his Approbation of this his Sons unridling so well the Harpy *Celeno's* Prophecy in the 3d Book of eating their Tables,

*Ititis Italiam ———
Sed non ante datam cingetis mœnibus urbem,
Quam vos dira fames ———
Ambefas subigat malis absumere mensas. 257.*

I know the ancient Auguries were held as very serious things by the Heathens: But methinks the resolving thus the difficulty, is little so.

2. But nothing betrays more either the meanness of *Virgil's* Sentiments, or the barrenness of his Invention, than the sneaking arrival of the *Trojans* at *Carthage*, in the 1. Book, whether of *Æneas* himself, or of his other chief Officers, *Antheus*, *Sergestus*, *Cleanthus*, or the great *Ilioneus*, who all come in begging Addresses to Queen *Dido*;

Troes te miseri oramus ——— propius res aspice nostras.

Protesting that they landed not to prey in her Country, in an hostile Manner as Pyrates; because, say they, our Pride and Courage are quite dejected.

Non ea vis animo, nec tanta superbia victis.

A Poet of more generous Sentiments, would rather have brought them (with flying Colours) to *Carthage*, by making them accidentally necessary to that Queen, at their landing; either by rescuing her from the ravishing hands of King *Jarbas* a neighbouring Prince, whom she had often baffled in his Pretensions, or from the Danger of some furious Lion (frequent in those parts) as she is taking the Air; or any other nobler way, to engage Queen *Dido's* Kindness to them.

But

But if these shipwrackt *Banditti* came sneakingly to *Carthage*, they go from it as unthankfully. Queen *Dido* out of a Royal Generosity opens to them her Ports, admits *Aeneas* into her Palace, repairs his Ships, and heaps upon him all sorts of Benefits. But, when the perfidious *Trojan* is recruited, his Fleet fitted up, and had got from this generous Princess what he could, then he basely forsakes her; and under pretence of a Vision, he tells her, 'tis by the Will of the Gods that he departs.

———— *Interpres Divum* ————
 ———— *celeres mandata per auras,*
Detulit. ————

A gallant Man would not have believed so lightly on the Truth of an Apparition.

Scarce had *Mercury* ended his Message, but he takes leave of the Queen. I know, says he, great Princess, how much I am beholden to you, and it shall never escape my Memory; and were not I forc'd to obey the Gods who call me to *Italy*; If I could dispose of my own self—— What think ye he would do? admire how well he plays the Gallant; doubtless stay at *Carthage*, and live with *Dido*: but no such thing: I would go adds he, to repair the Ruines of *Troy*, and restore the Throne of *Priamus*:

Urbem Trojanam primum, dulcesque meorum
Reliquias colerem, Priami, &c. ————

Was there ever seen such a cold parting from a Mistress since the days of *Virgil*? Did ever any Man of Wit express such flat Sentiments on such a tender Occasion?

3. May not we also reckon among *Virgil's* Sentiments, the moral Reflexion of *Mezentius* to his Horse *Rhebe*? O *Rhebe*, we have liv'd long, if any thing can be said to be long liv'd to mortal Men.

Rhebe diu, res si qua diu mortalibus ulla est,
Viximus. ————

The Sentence is both good and moral, but I know not why King *Mezentius* makes it to his Horse, as to a rational Creature. 'Tis good Doctrine lost, unless this Horse was descended in a direct line from *Pegasus*, and had more reason than others.

4. What a swelling Vanity does *Virgil* put into the Mouth of *Æneas*, when being near *Carthage*, and asked who he was? He most ridiculously answers,

Sum pius Æneas famâ super aethera notus.

This is not becoming in his own Mouth, no more than what he said to *Lausus*: Comfort your self in your Misfortune: you dy by the hand of great *Æneas*. *Ænea magni dextrâ cadis*. Such proud Sentiments of himself, mixt with his Bigotry, are beyond any we can make.

5. I insist not on his comparing the Beauty of *Ascanius* to a piece of Ivory set in Box; nor a Queen angry, to a Top which Children whip in a Porch: with some few Pedantick Notes and Conceits of Wit.

Num capti potuerunt capi? num incensa cremavit?

SECT. VI.

Homer and Virgil's Style and Expression.

RULE V.

HEROIC Expression, which is the manner of setting forth noble Sentiments, ought to have these Conditions; 1. To be Proper and Pure. 2. Plain and Clear. 3. Splendid and Lofty. 4. Numerous and Sounding. To which may be added a 5th. To discern exactly what ought to be said Figuratively, and what Plainly.

Homer's Expression compar'd with the Rule.

In this part it is, where all agree, that *Homer* Triumphs. *Rapin* observes well, *Compar. of Hom. & Virg. Chap. 9.* That most of the Ancients who have given such Praises to *Homer*, minded only the Elegancy of his Expression: and that 'tis by the wonderful Talent in the Greek Tongue, that *Homer* charm'd all Antiquity and the Learned in all Ages; especially in the occasions where he goes about to Exhort, Perswade, or to Comfort. Yet is not this Poet altogether free neither, adds *Rapin, Ch. 10.* from some small Faults in this Point, arising from human Frailty, or a pardonable Negligence in his Transitions and Epithets.

— — — non ego paucis
Offendor maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura.

His *Transitions* which by their Character ought to be much varied, to prevent loathing, are all alike in the most part of his Work; one cannot reckon up above 20 or 30 sorts at most, in the space of near 30000 Verses. His *Epithetes* and *Adverbs* make up one of his greatest Beauties; yet are many of them Useless and General; as well as his sundry *Dialects*, to lengthen and shorten the Syllables of his Verses, which would prove a thing very impertinent in *English*.

Virgil's Expression compar'd with the Rule.

Tho' Monsieur *Segrais*, in his *Preface to Virgil translated, Numb. 14.* pretends that *Virgil's* Expression is Magnificent, Even and Pure, to such a degree, that no other ever attained to: tho' *Rapin* also pretends that *Virgil's* Words are Things. *Compar. Hom. Virg. Chap. 13. & 11.* Yet *Victorius* the chief Critick of *Italy*, in his *Comment on Aristotle*, and *Balzac* in his *Oeuvres Diverses*, both accuse *Virgil* of mistaking words the one for the other, and to be less Pure and Latin than *Lucretius*.

If it be true that *Obscurity* is the greatest of all Faults in matter of *Stile*, I know not how *Virgil* can be excused, or pass for a Writer in hundreds of Passages in his *Aeneis*. For instance, Did any one yet ever understand what *Virgil* means, at the latter end of his sixth Book, by these following Verses?

*Sunt gemini Somni porta: quarum altera fertur
Cornea, quâ veris facilis datur exitus umbris:
Alterâ, Candenti perfectâ nitens Elephantis;
Sed falsa ad cælum mittunt insomnia manes.
His ubi tum natum Anchises unaque Sibyllam
Prosequitur dictis, portaque emittit eburna.*

Either this is Nonsense, or it signifies, that all what *Aeneas* saw in Hell, is but a meer false lying Dream. One would think, that having taken pains to shew what should be the glorious Posterity of *Aeneas*, he intended now to destroy the belief thereof.

Clarity being the first Vertue of Eloquence: *Prima est Eloquentia Virtus, perspicuitas.* *Quint. Lib. 2. Cap. 3.* good Sense requires that we think always clearly, and express our selves the same: Else the Sublime, Wonderful, and Pleasingness signifies but little, or rather nothing pleases that is not understood, and where we are in a continual Fog, Mist, and Darkness. I question much whether those we understand not, understood themselves, if they were compell'd to explain their meaning, as the famous *Lopé de Vega* ingeniously own'd to *Camus* Bishop of *Bellay*, that he understood not himself one of his own Sonnets.

Brevity, says *Horace*, is a great occasion of *Obscurity*. *Dum brevis sum, obscurus fio.* It often happens, that with binding up things too close, we choak or stifle them, as we may say. So that a Thought is obscure, when not enlarged out so far as it ought; as in a Geographical Map, where the Towns, Rivers, and Hills are crouded together. This I judge to be the occasion of *Virgil's* frequent *Obscurity*. For most Criticks look on *Virgil* with our excellent Mr. *Dryden*, as a succinct, and grave, Majestick Writer; one who— was still aiming to croud his Sense into as narrow a compass as possibly he could. For which reason he is so Figurative, that

that he requires (I may almost say) a Grammar apart to construe him. Virgil therefore (adds he) being so very sparing of his Words,--- and leaving so much to be imagin'd by the Reader,--- is much the closest of any Roman Poet. Again, Virgil studying brevity,--- some have call'd him the Torture of Grammarians. Dryden's Preface to the 2. Part of the Miscellanies. Add to this plain, tho' indirect Confession of Virgil's Obscurity, Ruæus's Translation of all his Works into Latin plain Prose, for a more general assistance against the said Obscurity.

Methinks the words of Spits, Kettles, Pans, Garbage and Grease, are very mean, yet are they as frequent in the *Æneis*, as in our Kitchens.

*Tergora diripiunt costis, & viscera nudant,
Pars in frustra secant, verubusque trementia figunt.
Littore ahena locant alii. Lib. 1.
Subjiciunt verubus prunas, & viscera torrent. Lib. 5.
----- pingues spatatur ad Aras. Lib. 4.
Pingue superque oleum fundens ardentibus Extis,
Pars calidos latices, & ahena undantia flammis.*

Here is enough to turn a squeamish Readers Stomach. But good Father Bossu tells us, that such Kitchen-stuff Expressions are savoury to the Holy Ghost. *Tout cela étoit au goût du S. Esprit même, qui n'a pu l'avoir mauvais. Tra. du Poem Epic. l. 6. ch. 8.*

Tho' it is allowable to stretch the Hyperbole beyond the bounds of Truth, yet ought it not to pass those of Probability, as Virgil does in describing the Nimbleness of Camilla.

*Illa, vel intactæ segetis per summa volaret
Gramina: nec teneras cursu lesisset aristas:
Vel mare per medium, fluctu suspensa tumentis,
Feret iter; celeres nec tingeret aquore plantas.*

I question much whether in an Heroic Poem, one may make a Princess run over Ears of Corn, without bending them; over the Waves of the Sea, without wetting the sole of her Foot.

Again,

Again, our Laureat Poet tells us, that *Marcellus* was so Valiant, that none could withstand him, whether he fought on Foot, or whether he prickt the Shoulders of his Horse with his Spurs.

----- *foderet calcaribus armos.*

'Tis unsufferable, that to make an harmonious Verse, a Poet shall say; that a Gentleman spurr'd the Shoulders of his Horse, instead of his Sides.

Some accuse *Virgil*, and with Truth, of repeating over not only the same things, but the very same Verses also, as these before quoted.

Obstupui, steteruntque coma, & vox faucibus hæsit. Lib. 2. 774.

Obstupui, steteruntque coma, & vox faucibus hæsit. Lib. 3. 48.

He has also his Tautologies of Letters, and Rhymes, as,

----- *Talia dicta dabat,*
Nusquam omittebat, oculosque sub astra tenebat.

Consider well these Expressions, and tell me wherein consists their Elegancy? Is it in their snarling Syllables? or in their hissing Harshness?

----- *Invecta rotis Aurora rubebat.*

----- *Nec que pepegere recusant.*

Non Teucros agat in Rutulos, Tencrum arma quiescant.

Et Rutulum -----

Diffiluit, fulva resplendent fragmina arena.

The CLOSE.

FROM all that has been said, I think I may safely infer; That the Compleat Heroic Poem is yet unborn; That the Ancients have made but coarse draughts of this sort of Poësie, and that it is reserv'd to the Moderns to set the last hand thereunto, for Invention, Form and Contrivance, Characters and Sentiments; tho', for *Expression*, they will ever come short, because the Modern Languages are far inferior, to the Greek especially. Besides, that the Rules of the Epic Poësie are better understood now a days than ever before; since the famous Contest of *Torquato Tasso* with the Academy of *Florence* about his Poem of *Jerusalem deliver'd*, of which the Eloquent *Balzac* said well, that in this kind of excellent Writing, *Virgil* is the cause that *Tasso* is not the first, and *Tasso*, that *Virgil* is not the only. *Discours sur la Tragedie d' Herode par Heinsius.*

Tho' the Party against *Homer* and *Virgil* is the least, 'tis neither the less Strong, nor the less Rational. And I am apt to believe, that notwithstanding *Casaubon's* Curse: *Qui Homerum contemnunt, vix illis optari quidquam pejus potest, quam ut fatuitate sua fruuntur. Casaub. dissertat. de Homero*, it would become Victorious over the other, if the necessity we are in, to put *Homer* and *Virgil* into the hands of Youth, for their rare *Expression* in Greek and Latin, did not make them deal favourably with abundance of things, which otherwise they would condemn. *Alcibiades* therefore was in the right to Box that Master, in whose School he found not *Homer's* Works. *Apophthegm. Principum in Plutarch.*

Let therefore *Homer* and *Virgil's* Poems be confin'd to the Schools, where *Evangelus* in *Macrobio* thinks them only proper, *instituendis tantum pueris idonea. Saturnal. Lib. 1. C. 24.* for their excellent Language, for their proper, clear, natural, sublime, and numerous Expressions: But not appear at Court, nor be put into the hands of such Scholars as wear Swords by their sides, and hold a Commanders Staff in their hand.

Finally,

Finally, let Authors commend as much as they please all *Homer's* Books and Cantos single and by themselves, because most of them contain abundance of Wit and much Delight: But as for a curious Contrivance of an Heroic Poem, and a regular *Oeconomy* of an Epic Fable, as I see none, I cannot much commend them to the perusal of Gentlemen; says *Perrault. Compar. of the Ancient with the Modern.*

FINIS.

5

